

The STORIES of
PETER AND ELLEN
By
GERTRUDE SMITH





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[See p. 129]

AND GRANDPA TOOK ALL THE CHILDREN HOME ON THE BIG LOAD OF HAY

THE STORIES OF PETER AND ELLEN

By

GERTRUDE SMITH

AUTHOR OF "THE ROGGIE AND REGGIE STORIES"
"THE LOVABLE TALES OF JANEEY AND JOSEY AND JOE" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

BY

E. MARS AND M. H. SQUIRE



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TO
MY PRECIOUS LITTLE
ALDINE GARDNER

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THE STORIES OF
PETER AND ELLEN

THE BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

PETER was six years old and dear little Ellen was four years old.

And one year Peter's birthday came on Tuesday and Ellen's birthday came on Thursday, but they had their birthday treat on the very same day.

When they came down to breakfast one Wednesday morning their Mamma said, "Oh, my dears, this is the day for your birthday treat. We will open your little, red banks right away, before breakfast, and see how much money you have."

All the year Papa and Mamma and

PETER AND ELLEN

Grandpa and Grandma and all the uncles and aunties and friends dropped pennies and nickels and dimes and dollars into Peter's bank and Ellen's bank, and when their birthdays came the banks were opened and the money was counted.

And Peter said, "I know what I am going to buy. I am going to buy a little, white pony with my birthday money."

Papa laughed.

"Ha, ha, Peter! It takes a great deal of money to buy a pony!"

And little Ellen clapped her hands and danced around the room, and said, "I know what I am going to buy with my birthday money. I am going to buy a pet, tame monkey, and a wonderful parrot that talks."

And Mamma laughed.

"Ellen, you darling child, do you not

THE BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

know it would take a great deal of money to buy a pet, tame monkey and a parrot that talks?"

And Peter said, "Once, when Grandpa did not know I was in the room, I saw him put a five-dollar gold piece in my little, red bank."

Mamma ran out of the room, and when she came back she brought the two little, red banks and put them on the table, and said, "Now Papa will open the banks, and we'll all count the money."

And Grandpa came in just then, and he said, "Hurrah! Peter is six years old and Ellen is four, and we'll all count the birthday money!"

And Grandma came in just then, and she said, "Open the little banks quick, *quick*, and we'll all count the birthday money!"

PETER AND ELLEN

And Papa took a little key out of his pocket, and said, “Now, Peter, open your brown eyes wide, and, Ellen, open your blue eyes wide, and be prepared for a splendid surprise!”

And Papa turned the little key in one little bank, and then in the other, and oh, oh, oh! out tumbled the money all over the table! Dollars were there, and dimes and nickels and pennies, and, yes, there were gold pieces! Two bright, five-dollar gold pieces in each little bank!

And Peter opened his brown eyes wide—he was too surprised to speak. And Ellen opened her blue eyes wide—she was too surprised to speak.

And Papa counted the money. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty! Thirty dollars for Peter! Hurrah! Hurrah! Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-

THE BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

five! Twenty-five dollars for Ellen! Hurrah! Hurrah!

And little Ellen danced about the room, and laughed and clapped her hands, and said, "Now I can buy my pet, tame monkey and a wonderful parrot that talks!"

And Peter jumped up and down, and said, "And may I buy a little, white pony, Grandpa? May I buy a pony?"

And Grandpa laughed, and said, "Ha, ha! Yes, you can buy a pony, and a little, red saddle, too!"

And Papa said, "We will go right away and buy your pony, Peter, the minute we have finished our breakfast."

And after breakfast Papa and Peter and Ellen all went hand in hand down the beautiful road to a little, white house near the river.

And Papa said, "The man who lives

PETER AND ELLEN

here has a little, white pony to sell, Peter.”

And in a moment a very tall man came to the door of the little, white house, and when he saw Peter and Ellen he laughed, and said, “Ha, ha! I know why you have come to see me. You have come to buy my Baby Louise!”

And little Ellen opened her blue eyes very wide, and said, “No, sir; we didn’t come to buy a baby; we came to buy a pony!”

And the tall man laughed.

“Ha, ha! My pony’s name is Baby Louise, you dear little boy!”

And Ellen said, “Why, I’m not a little boy; I’m a little girl, you very tall man!”

And the tall man laughed, and said, “Oh, hi, ho! is that so? Well, you

THE BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

are dressed just like your brother ; I supposed you were a little boy!”

And Ellen said, “Peter hasn’t lovely long curls like mine, and I only wear overalls when I play. Little girls wear overalls when they *play!*”

And the tall man laughed, and said, “Why, yes, so they do. Now come on and we’ll all go out to the barn and see the little, white pony.”

And they all went out to a little, white barn, and there was a little, white pony! And Peter said, “Oh, you dear little pony! May I buy that pony, and have it to keep, Papa?”

And Papa said, “Yes; this is your birthday present, my dear little son, and she is a beauty, too!”

And Ellen threw her arms around the little pony’s neck, and said, “Oh, Baby

PETER AND ELLEN

Louise, I will love you, too, and I'm glad you are coming to live with us and be our own little pony!" And Peter and Ellen rode home on the little, white pony, and Papa walked beside them.

And all the morning Peter and Ellen played with Baby Louise, and dear little Ellen was so happy she forgot all about her own birthday present! And when they were at the dinner-table Grandpa laughed, and said, "Where is that monkey that little Ellen was going to buy with her birthday money, and where is that wonderful parrot that talks?"

And Ellen clapped her hands, and said, "Oh, Grandpa, I was so happy with Baby Louise I forgot all about my monkey and parrot!"

And Papa said, "Well, after dinner you may ride Baby Louise to town, and I will

THE BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

ride on my big, black horse, and we'll buy a monkey and a parrot for Ellen."

And right away after dinner Papa got on his big, black horse, and Peter and Ellen got on Baby Louise, and away they rode to town.

Ellen did not wear her little overalls to town, but a beautiful, little, scarlet dress. No one thought that she was a little boy this time, but every one said, "Oh, what a lovely little girl that is on that cunning little pony!"

And when they came to the town they rode to an animal store and bought a pet, tame monkey, and then they went to a bird store and bought a beautiful parrot.

And Ellen said, "I'm just a little, wee bit afraid of my monkey, and I'm just a little, wee bit afraid of my parrot, too!"

PETER AND ELLEN

And the parrot put his head on one side and looked at Ellen, and said, "La, child, you don't say!"

Every one laughed, and Papa said, "Ha, ha! Oh, what a clever parrot!"

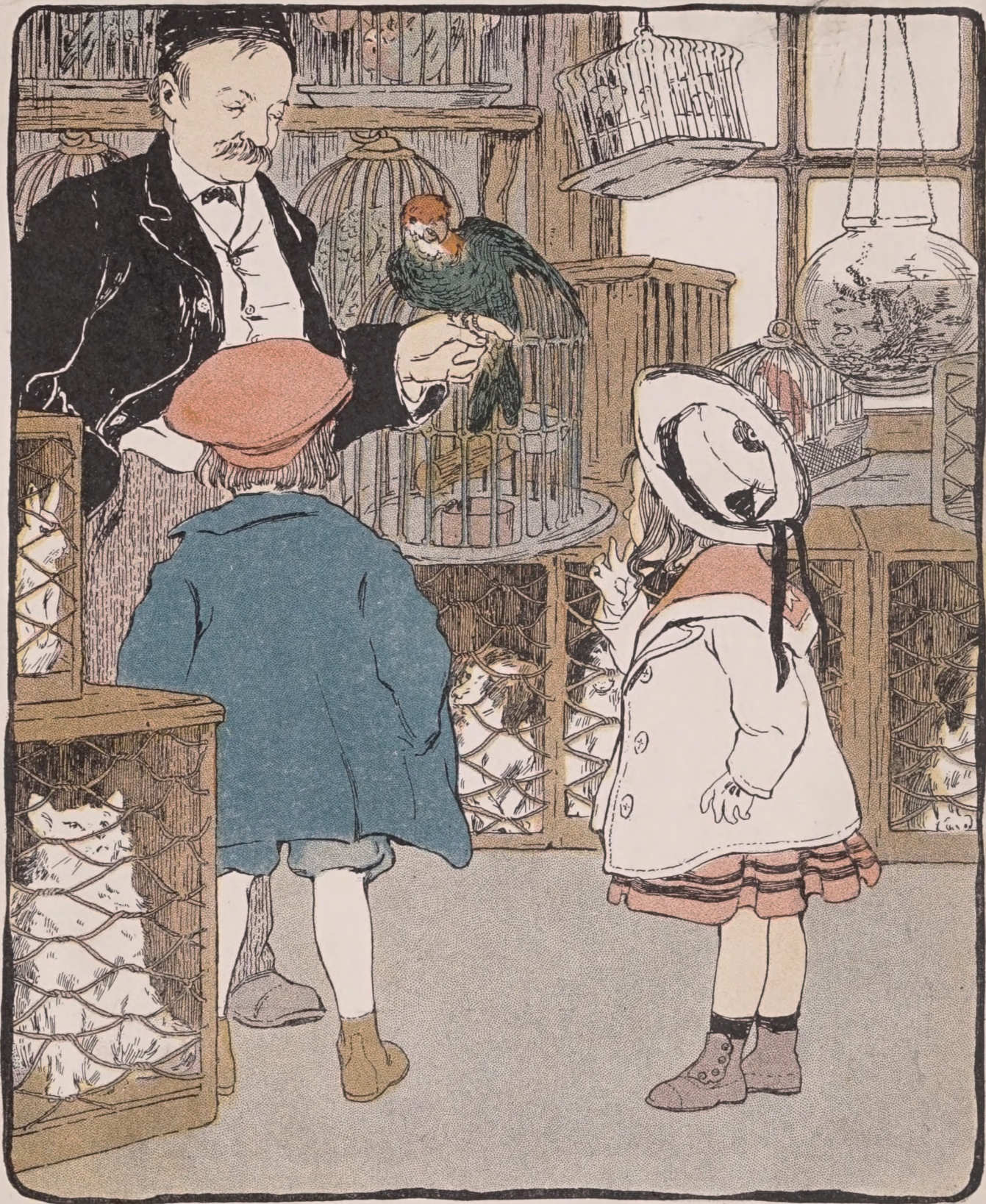
And Peter carried the monkey and Papa carried the parrot, and Peter and Ellen rode on the little, white pony, and Papa rode on his big, black horse, and they started home.

And Peter said, "You may call my pony part yours, little Ellen, because you love him so."

And Ellen said, "You may call my monkey and parrot part yours, little Peter, because they are so funny."

And Papa said, "That is right. I am glad you are going to share your birthday gifts, dear children."

And the parrot put his head on one



LA, CHILD, YOU DON'T SAY!

THE BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

side, and said, “That’s right, that’s right.”

And oh, how Peter and Ellen laughed!

And Papa laughed, “Ha, ha, ha!
Oh, what a clever parrot!”

THE BEAUTIFUL DOLLIE

ONE day Peter said, "I wish I was a little girl."

And little Ellen laughed, and said, "Why, Peter, I didn't know that a little boy ever wished he was a little girl!"

And Peter said, "You can laugh if you want to, but just to-day I wish I was a little girl."

And Ellen said, "What would you do if you were a little girl?"

And Peter said, "I'd dress a beautiful doll—oh, a beautiful doll!—and take it to that poor little Lillie girl who lives in the woods."

THE BEAUTIFUL DOLLIE

And Ellen said, "Poor little Lillie never had a dollie in all her life!"

And Peter said, "If I was a little girl, and had ten dolls, I'd give her my beautifulest dollie."

And little Ellen opened her eyes very wide and looked at Peter, and then she shook her head very hard, and said, "I'm bad—I'm naughty and bad! I can't—I just *can't* give Lillie my beautifulest dollie!"

And Peter looked out of the window, and said, "Well, if I was a little girl, I'd make a pink silk dress for my very best doll, and give it to poor little Lillie."

And little Ellen began to cry.

"What would I do without my dear, sweet, beautiful dollie?"

And little Ellen made a naughty, naughty face at Peter, and screamed very

PETER AND ELLEN

loud, and said, "I can't—I *won't* give my beautiful dollie away, little Peter!"

And Peter looked out of the window, and said, "I know a boy and his Grandpa will give him five dollars. Five dollars will buy a new doll as big as a real live baby."

And little Ellen stopped crying and looked at Peter, and said, "I wish I could have a doll as big as a real live baby!"

And dear little Peter said, "Grandpa will give me five dollars and I'll buy you a big, new dollie."

And little Ellen ran and threw her arms around Peter's neck and hugged him tight, and said, "I'll give my beautifulest dollie to Lillie, I will. But who will make her a pink silk dress?"

And Peter said, "I will make her a pink silk dress myself!"

THE BEAUTIFUL DOLLIE

And, oh, how dear little Ellen laughed!

“Boys don’t know how to sew! *You* couldn’t make her a pink silk dress, little Peter!”

And Peter looked real funny, and said, “Well, perhaps I can’t make a pink silk dress, but I know a little girl who looks exactly like me that *can* make one.”

And Peter got up and ran out of the room.

Little Ellen called, “Peter, where are you going?”

And Peter called, “I am going to get the little girl that looks exactly like me!”

And little Ellen sat still and wondered who little Peter could mean. Who was the little girl that looked exactly like Peter?

And little Ellen took her beautiful dollie on her lap, and rocked her and kissed

PETER AND ELLEN

her and hugged her, and said, "You are going away to live in the beautiful woods with poor little Lillie Brown."

And the dollie looked up into little Ellen's eyes, and seemed to say, "I love you! I love you! Oh, *please* do not give me away!"

And little Ellen cried very hard, and kissed her beautiful dollie a great many times, and said, "Peter is only a boy, and he does not know how very dearly we love each other!"

And just then a little girl in a pretty blue dress came dancing into the room. And the little girl looked exactly like Peter!

And Ellen said, "Why, where did you come from, little girl? You look exactly like Peter!"

And Peter laughed, and pointed his

THE BEAUTIFUL DOLLIE

finger, and said, “Ha, ha, ha! You didn’t know your own little brother!”

And little Ellen laughed through her tears, and said, “Oh, Peter, for one *little* minute I didn’t know you were Peter!”

And Peter ran out of the room, and when he came back he had the pink silk dress all cut out and ready to sew! And Peter had two needles and two thimbles, and a spool of pink silk thread. And he gave little Ellen a needle and thimble, and said, “Now you may help, and we’ll soon have a pink silk dress.”

And Peter looked very funny, dressed like a little girl, and Peter kept saying funny things to make little Ellen laugh. And little Ellen pretended that she was happy, but, oh, how her dear little heart did ache whenever she looked at her beautiful dollie!

PETER AND ELLEN

And all the morning Peter and Ellen sewed on the pink silk dress.

And Mamma came in and laughed, and said, "Why, see my two good little girls sewing doll's clothes, together!"

And Peter said, "Yes, Ellen is going to give her beautiful doll to poor little Lillie Brown."

And little Ellen looked up at Mamma, with her sweet blue eyes, and said, "Every one will say I'm a very, *very* good child to give my beautifulest doll away."

And Mamma took little Ellen in her arms, and kissed her a great many times, and said, "You shall *not* give your dollie away, my darling! You shall not give your dollie away!"

And Peter said, "Why, Mamma, I am going to buy Ellen a big new dollie, as big as a real live baby."



AND ALL THE MORNING PETER AND ELLEN SEWED ON THE PINK SILK DRESS

THE BEAUTIFUL DOLLIE

And Mamma said, "Boys don't understand about dollies. Which would you rather have, little Ellen, a big new doll, or your own dear dollie?"

And little Ellen said, "Oh, I'd rather have my own, my own, than the biggest new dollie that ever was born!"

And Peter looked greatly surprised and disappointed, and said, "I thought, of course, she'd rather have a big new doll than that old thing!"

And little Ellen said, "I love her, I love her, that's why; and she's my beautifullest dollie!"

And Mamma said, again, "Boys don't understand about dollies, even boys who can sew as well as Peter. I will buy little Lillie a doll, myself, and you may take it to her this afternoon."

And little Ellen clapped her hands, and

PETER AND ELLEN

said, “Oh, goody! Oh, goody! Oh, goody!”

And Peter looked greatly disappointed, and said, “Mamma, what shall I buy with my money? I wanted to buy little Ellen a dollie!”

And Mamma said, “Come here, you dear, little, generous Peter, and I’ll tell you a splendid secret.”

And Peter ran to Mamma, and Mamma whispered something to Peter.

And Peter clapped his hands, and danced about the room, and said, “Don’t you wish you knew, little Ellen? Oh, don’t you wish you knew?”

And, oh, but Peter did look funny, dressed like a little girl, dancing about the room! Mamma laughed and laughed, he did look so funny; and little Ellen laughed and laughed, he did look so funny.

THE BEAUTIFUL DOLLIE

And that afternoon Peter and Ellen and Mamma all went to see little Lillie, and they took her a big new dollie.

And on Christmas Day little Ellen got a big, big new doll as big as a real live baby. Peter gave it to her, and she loved it dearly, dearly; but never quite as well as the dear, beautiful dollie that she almost gave away.

MAGIC MUD PIES

AND when the warm, bright, beautiful spring days came, Ellen and Peter would run away down to the brook and make mud pies.

And precious Mamma said, "Oh, Ellen; oh, Peter, dear, I do not like to have you make mud pies. You do get your clothes and your little hands so very, very dirty!"

And Grandma laughed, and said, "Oh, gracious me! What if they do get their little hands dirty? I used to make mud pies when I was a little girl, and a grand, good time I had."

MAGIC MUD PIES

And Papa laughed, and said, "I used to make mud pies when I was a little boy, with a sweet little girl, a pretty little girl I loved."

And Peter said, "Oh, Papa; why, Papa, did you make mud pies with Mamma when she was a little girl?"

And Papa laughed, and said, "Yes, precious Mamma and I used to run away down to that very same brook and make mud pies when we were little."

And Ellen and Peter looked at Mamma and Papa, and wished they could have seen them, when they were little, playing together and making mud pies down by the brook.

And Grandma said, "If you will always remember, children, to put on your little overalls when you go down by the brook to play, I'll buy you some

PETER AND ELLEN

nice little patty-pans to bake your mud pies in.”

And Peter promised and Ellen promised always to wear their little overalls when they went down to the brook to make mud pies.

And that very same day Grandma did buy a dozen little tin “patty-pans,” each the shape of a heart, for Peter and Ellen to bake their mud pies in. And that very same day Peter and Ellen went down to the brook to make mud pies, and took the “patty-pans” with them. (And they took Polly Parrot and Jock with them, too, so they could watch the fun.)

And Ellen made six elegant, rich mud pies and set them to bake in the sunshine.

And Peter made six elegant, rich mud pies and set them to bake in the sunshine.

And Polly sat upon a log and looked

MAGIC MUD PIES

at those little mud pies standing in a nice little row in the sunshine, and she put her head on one side, and said, "Oh, laws a-daisy! how fine!" (No one ever knew where Polly learned to say this.)

And every other minute Jock, the wicked little monkey, would steal one of those little mud pies and run away—away down the path.

And Peter would run after him, calling, "Oh, you naughty little monkey, you must not steal our little mud pies!"

And little Ellen would laugh and laugh because Jock looked so funny.

And a very tall man came down the road on a very black horse, and he stopped and called, "Hello! You dear children, what a grand, good time you are having! I used to make mud pies myself when I was a little boy."

PETER AND ELLEN

And the very tall, handsome man got off his horse and came down to the brook to watch Peter and Ellen make mud pies and set them to bake in the sunshine.

And Polly said, "Good-day, sir."

And the tall man sat down on the log by Polly and laughed, and said, "Ha, ha, ha! Why, good-day, Miss Polly!"

And after the man had watched Peter and Ellen making mud pies for some time, he smiled at Ellen, and said, "Oh, did you ever hear of a magic mud pie, little girl?"

And Ellen shook her head, and said, "No; what is a magic mud pie?"

And the tall man laughed and picked up one of the little patty-pans, and said, "I think this must be a magic mud pie; it looks exactly like one."

And the tall man stood up and turned



AND PETER CUT THE LITTLE MUD PIE

MAGIC MUD PIES

around three times, and then he handed the little mud pie to Peter, and said, "Yes, this looks like a magic mud pie. Please cut it and we will see. If it is a magic mud pie you will find it seasoned with bright, new pennies instead of raisins."

And Peter took his little knife out of his pocket and cut the little mud pie.

And, oh, Ellen opened her eyes with surprise. That pie was seasoned with two bright, new pennies!

And, oh, how the tall man laughed. "Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Well, I thought that looked like a magic mud pie!"

And little Ellen said, "Who put the pennies in the pie?"

And the man laughed, and said, "I have heard that the fairies always season magic mud pies with pennies."

And Peter laughed, and said, "I know

PETER AND ELLEN

who the fairy was that put the pennies in our pie.”

Peter was six years old and little Ellen was only four.

And Ellen said, “What was the fairy’s name?”

And the tall man laughed, and said, “The fairy’s name is Uncle Jimmy, you precious child!”

And then, oh, little Ellen did open her blue eyes wide, and Peter opened his eyes very wide, too.

And Peter threw his arms around the neck of the very tall man, and said, “Oh, oh, are you our uncle Jimmy?”

And little Ellen threw her arms around his neck, too, and said, “Oh, oh, our dear uncle Jimmy!”

(Peter and Ellen never had seen Uncle Jimmy before.)

MAGIC MUD PIES

And Uncle Jimmy laughed and hugged them close, and said, "Now, go on to your work, and bake me another magic mud pie."

And, oh, what fun Peter and Ellen had that morning! Every mud pie they set to bake in the sunshine the good fairy seasoned with bright, new pennies.

And Mamma came running down the path, and when she saw Uncle Jimmy she cried with delight, and said, "Oh, oh, my dear, big brother!"

(Precious Mamma had not seen her dear, big brother before for years and years.)

And often, very often, while Uncle Jimmy was visiting them, he would come down to the brook and sit on the log with Polly, and watch Peter and Ellen make mud pies. And always when he

PETER AND ELLEN

was there a fairy would season the mud pies with pennies.

And Peter knew who the fairy was, but little Ellen never could guess.

Little Ellen believed there were really, truly fairies. She did not believe that Uncle Jimmy seasoned their little mud pies with pennies.

FUNNY UNCLE CARL

AND one night, when Peter and Ellen were sound asleep—Peter in his little bed in his little room, and Ellen in her little bed in her little room—the door-bell rang—ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling!—down-stairs.

Mamma and Papa were reading, and Mamma jumped up, and said, “Oh, who can it be?”

And Papa jumped up, and said, “Oh, who can it be ringing that bell?”

And Mamma and Papa went out into the hall and opened the door, and there was Uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch.

PETER AND ELLEN

And Uncle Carl smiled all over his funny face, and said, “Oh, don’t let Peter and Ellen know that I’ve come. I want to surprise the dears.”

And Papa laughed, “Ha, ha! Oh, come right in, Uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch. Peter and Ellen are both sound asleep up-stairs in their little beds.”

And Mamma threw her arms around Uncle Carl’s neck, and said, “Oh, you blessed brother, you funny, big boy! How glad Peter and Ellen will be to see you!”

And Uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch walked into the hall, and said, “Well, here we all are. Ha! ha! ha!” (He laughed very loud.)

And as he came into the hall his two big dogs came bounding in after him (Uncle Carl always brought his two big dogs when he came visiting), and the two

FUNNY UNCLE CARL

big dogs were carrying a basket between them—a very large basket with two round holes in the top.

And Mamma laughed, and said, “Oh, you funny, big boy, Uncle Carl, what have you brought for Peter and Ellen in that basket?”

And Uncle Carl laughed very loud, “Ha! ha! ha! Wait till you see! I brought a wonderful, startling surprise in that basket for Peter and Ellen,” and Uncle Carl laughed again, “Ha! ha! ha!” (He laughed very loud.)

And little Ellen woke up, and sat up in bed, and called, “Peter! Oh, Peter, I hear some one laughing down-stairs.”

And Peter woke up, and sat up in bed and listened. “I wonder who it is?” he said. “Let us get up and run down and see who it is, little Ellen.”

PETER AND ELLEN

And Ellen jumped out of bed, and said, "Yes, let us run down-stairs on tiptoe and see who it is."

And Peter jumped out of bed, and they both went out into the hall and down the stairs on tiptoe together.

And Uncle Carl laughed very loud, and said to Mamma, "Peter and Ellen will be surprised in the morning when they find me here."

And Papa said, "Sh! don't speak so loud, Uncle Carl, don't laugh so loud, or you will wake up Peter and Ellen."

And Peter and Ellen came down the stairs on tiptoe and peeked into the room, and there they saw their dear, funny, big uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch. (They had not seen him before for a year.)

And Peter said, "Oh, oh, oh! it is Uncle Carl!"

FUNNY UNCLE CARL

And little Ellen screamed for joy, and said, “Oh, goody, goody gander! It is my uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch!”

And Uncle Carl caught Peter and Ellen both in his arms, and hugged them and kissed them, and said, “Well, I thought if I laughed very loud I would wake you two up. Ha! ha! ha! I laughed like that, very loud, on purpose to wake you up.”

And Mamma said, “Oh, you naughty, big boy, to wake those children at this time of night.” (It was half-past ten by the clock.)

And Uncle Carl sat down and took Peter on one knee and Ellen on the other, and said, “Why, goodness me, I couldn’t wait till morning to see these blessed children; now what do you think I’ve brought you in that basket? Put your

PETER AND ELLEN

ear to the hole in the top, and guess what is in that basket.”

And Peter and Ellen ran to the basket, and Peter put his ear to one little round hole in the top, and Ellen put her ear to another little round hole in the top, and listened.

And Peter said, “I guess it is a squirrel.”

And Uncle Carl said, “No; guess again.”

And Ellen said, “I guess it is a rabbit.”

And Uncle Carl said, “No; guess again.”

And Peter said, “I guess guinea-pigs.”

And Uncle Carl said, “No; guess again.”

And Ellen said, “I guess it is a little white mouse.”

FUNNY UNCLE CARL

And Uncle Carl said, "No; and now run away to your little beds; I am not going to tell you what is in that basket until morning."

And Peter said, "Oh, please tell us to-night, Uncle Carl!"

And Ellen said, "Oh, please tell us to-night, dear Uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch!"

And Uncle Carl said, "No, I'll not tell you to-night, but come into the garden to-morrow morning early, and you shall have a startling, wonderful surprise."

And Peter and Ellen kissed their funny uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch good-night, and both ran away to bed. And in the morning—oh, very early—Peter and Ellen woke up and dressed and ran down-stairs and into the garden.

And in the garden—oh, very early—Peter and Ellen found their funny, big

PETER AND ELLEN

uncle Carl, and there in the garden, too, they found the surprise basket.

And Uncle Carl said, "Now open your eyes very wide, children, and you'll see what comes out of the basket.

And Peter and Ellen opened their eyes very wide, and out flew three dear little birds. One little bird had bright-red feathers, and one little bird had bright-green feathers, and one little bird was blue and white.

And Uncle Carl said, "These are trained birds, dear children; they will do whatever I tell them to do. Come, Molly; come, Dolly; come, Dot" (these were the little birds' names), and Uncle Carl held up his hand. His fingers were wide apart, and the little birds flew out of the basket and lit on his fingers. And Uncle Carl said, "Now give me my breakfast, Molly,



NOW GIVE ME MY BREAKFAST, MOLLY, DOLLY, AND DOT

FUNNY UNCLE CARL

Dolly, and Dot.” And these little birds flew into Uncle Carl’s pockets, and out they came in a minute, each with a crumb of bread. And these little birds fed Uncle Carl his breakfast right from their little bills.

And Ellen danced around and clapped her hands, and said, “Oh, Uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch, how cunning they are!”

And Peter said, “What else can they do, Uncle Carl?”

And Uncle Carl said, “Watch, and you shall see. Come, Molly and Dolly, it is time for little Dot to take a ride.”

And Uncle Carl took a wee, wee little wagon out of the basket and put it down on the garden-path, and Dot flew into the wagon, and, oh! what do you think? Molly and Dolly pulled the little wagon by two little ribbons held fast in their little bills!

PETER AND ELLEN

And little Ellen clapped her hands and laughed, and said, “Oh, Uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch, you are the most wonderful man that ever lived, to teach these birds to do that!”

And Uncle Carl laughed, “Ha! ha! ha! Yes, I am a wonderful fellow.”

And Peter said, “What else can they do, Uncle Carl?”

And Uncle Carl said, “Oh, these wonderful birds know a dozen tricks, or more.”

And Uncle Carl Apthorp Fitch showed Peter and Ellen all the tricks these little birds could do; but if I told you all about them, my dear little reader, this story would be too long.

IN THE ROSE-GARDEN

THERE was a beautiful rose-garden back of the house where Peter and Ellen lived. There were yellow roses and red roses and white roses and pink roses, and, oh, every kind of rose that you can think of, in that wonderful garden.

And as long as they were in bloom Peter and Ellen never wanted to go out of the garden to play.

And every morning Peter and Ellen would lead the little, white pony down through the garden to see the beautiful roses.

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“You must not touch one—not one—Baby Louise,” Peter would say. “Roses were made for little ponies to smell and look at and love, but not to nibble or eat.”

And the little, white pony would hold up her head and sniff the air, and look at the roses with her bright eyes, as though she would say, “I am far too wise a pony to wish to nibble or eat your beautiful roses, dear Peter.”

And every day Ellen would lead her pet tame monkey down through the rose-garden, and she would say, “Now, Jock, you may look at the lovely roses, but you must not touch one—not one.”

But, oh, Jock was a rogue! Little Ellen soon learned that Jock was a rogue. He would snatch off a big, scarlet rose, and pull himself free, and run up a tree and

IN THE ROSE-GARDEN

chatter and laugh, as though he would say, "Roses may not be made for good little ponies to nibble or eat, but, see, see! they were made for wicked little monkeys like me!"

And Ellen would cry, "Come down from that tree, you naughty Jock, and give me that beautiful rose!"

And Peter said, "I'll tell you what we will do, little Ellen. We will train Jock to ride through the garden on the little, white pony's back, and every time he rides through the garden and does not jump off or touch one rose, we'll give him a lump of sugar."

And just then the parrot came tripping down the garden-walk, and she put her head on one side and laughed, and said, "He'll do it. Break his head."

And, oh, how Peter laughed!

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“Why, Polly Parrot, who taught you to say such naughty words?” he asked.

And Polly laughed exactly like Peter, and said, “Oh, don’t ask me!”

And Ellen said, “I believe Polly understands everything we say! Come, Jock! Come down from the tree and you shall have a ride on Baby Louise, and we’ll give you a lump of sugar.”

And Polly called, in a coaxing tone, “Come, Jock! Come, boy!”

And after a very long time Jock came down from the tree, and Peter put him on the little, white pony’s back, and started down the garden-path, between the rose-bushes.

And Polly put her head on one side, and said, “Look out for your hat!”

And little Ellen laughed and pointed her finger at Polly, and said, “There,

IN THE ROSE-GARDEN

Miss Polly, you made a mistake; Jock doesn't wear a hat!"

And, oh, Polly was very cross, because little Ellen pointed her finger at her and laughed. She fluttered her wings and ruffled her feathers, and said, "Go away! I won't play!"

And, oh, how Peter laughed! And, oh, how Ellen laughed! And Peter said, "You mustn't be cross, Polly; little Ellen is your very best friend."

And Polly laughed, "Ha, ha! Go it! Go it!"

And they looked, and where was Jock?

Not on the pony's back, but up the tree, with a big, yellow rose in his paws!

And little Ellen sat down in the garden-walk, and laughed and laughed—Jock did look so funny and naughty and dear. And Polly fluttered her wings and laughed ex-

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actly like little Ellen. “Ha, ha! he, he! Oh, dear me!” she said.

But Peter didn't laugh. He said, “I'm going to whip Jock, for he must learn to ride through the garden and not pick a rose.”

And Ellen began to cry. “You shall not whip my little, pet monkey!” she said.

And Polly pretended to cry. “Oh, dear me! Oh, dear me!” said Polly.

And Peter said, “Papa would whip him hard if he knew he picked the roses. I'll only whip him a very little and make him mind.”

And after a long, long time Jock came down from the tree, and Peter took a little stick and whipped him a very little bit, and then put him on the pony's back, and said, “Now be a good boy and ride through the

IN THE ROSE-GARDEN

garden, and I'll give you a big lump of sugar."

And Jock was a very good boy. He earned a big lump of sugar, and never touched a rose in the garden again, when they let him ride on the pony's back.

And little Ellen said, "Now we will tie the pony and Jock to the fence and we will play hide-and-seek in the garden."

And Peter shut his eyes tight and stood by the tree, and little Ellen ran and hid behind the big rose-bush covered with scarlet roses.

"Coop! coop!" she called. "Hide-and-coop!"

And Peter ran here and ran there until he found her behind the big rose-bush.

And Polly called, "Coop! coop!"

And little Ellen said, "Oh, Polly is

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playing hide-and-seek, too! She has hid and we must find her!”

And Peter and Ellen looked and looked, and at last they found Polly behind the big, yellow rose-bush, way down at the foot of the garden.

And the little, white pony and Jock watched Peter and Ellen and Polly playing hide-and-seek, and wondered why they could not play, too.

And Mamma came down the garden-path dressed in a lovely white muslin dress, and she said, “Oh, children, I have a beautiful plan. It will not be long until all the roses go away for this year; but before they go we will gather all kinds and make a beautiful garland for Baby Louise; and Papa will bring out his camera and take a picture of her in the rose-garden.”



AND PETER AND ELLEN LOOKED AND LOOKED

IN THE ROSE-GARDEN

And little Ellen said, "Oh, what fun, Mamma! Let us do it right now, Mamma!"

And they picked a great many roses and made a beautiful garland for Baby Louise, and put it around her pretty, white neck.

And Polly stood in the garden-walk and looked at Baby Louise, and said, "Oh, me! how fine!"

And Mamma laughed, and said, "Pretty Polly must have her picture taken, too."

And little Ellen said, "Yes, and Jock must have his picture taken, too."

And Papa came out into the rose-garden with his big camera, and he took a picture of Baby Louise with the beautiful garland of roses around her pretty, white neck. And he took a picture of pretty Polly

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standing on little Ellen's shoulder. And he took a picture of Jock nibbling a lump of sugar.

And Mamma said, "Oh, Ellen, my dear, before the roses go away this year you must pick a nice, big bouquet and take it to the dear little girl who lives on the other side of the road."

And Ellen said, "I'll pick a beautiful bouquet right now, Mamma."

And Jock could not understand why little Ellen should pick the roses. He chattered and scolded, and picked up a little stick and began to whip little Ellen.

And Peter laughed, and said, "Oh, Jock is whipping you, Ellen, because you are picking the roses!"

And Ellen said, "Mamma told us we could pick the roses to-day, Jock, but she

IN THE ROSE-GARDEN

never said so before ; that is why Peter whipped you.”

And she gave Jock a rose in his little hands. “You may go with me and take these roses to the nice little girl who lives across the road.”

And little Ellen, with a big bouquet of roses, leading her pet tame monkey, went out of the garden gate.

And Polly fluttered her wings and ruffled her feathers, and said, “Poor old Polly ! Poor old Polly !”

And little Ellen laughed, and said, “Oh, I forgot you, Polly ! Come, you may come, too.”

And Polly trotted away down the garden-walk, and went with Ellen and Jock to take the bouquet of roses to the nice little girl who lived across the street.

And the little, white pony threw up her

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head and neighed, which meant, "I want to go, too."

And Peter laughed, and said, "No, Baby Louise, you can't go. You must stay at home with your little master."

THE GYPSY STORY

AND one very rainy morning Mamma said, "Peter and Ellen, you may put on your rubber boots and your rubber coats and your rubber hats and go wherever you please in the rain."

And little Ellen danced about the room and clapped her hands, and said, "Oh, goody, goody, goody!"

And Mamma laughed, and said, "When I was a little girl I used to love to go out in a warm rain like this and watch the flowers grow."

And Peter said, "May we play run-

PETER AND ELLEN

away, and go just anywhere we please, Mamma?"

And Mamma said, "Yes; only do not go too far, and do not get lost, dear children."

And Peter jumped up and down and clapped his hands, and said, "Oh, I know—I know where we will go, little Ellen!"

And Peter and Ellen put on their rubber boots and their rubber coats and their rubber hats and went out into the warm summer rain.

And Peter looked very wise, and said, "You follow me, little Ellen, and see where we will go."

And little Ellen let the warm rain fall in her face, and said, "Mamma said we could run away. I want to run away."

And Peter said, "Yes, we will run away

THE GYPSY STORY

—we will run away to the woods and play gypsies!”

And little Ellen let the warm rain fall on her hands, and said, “The truly gypsies might come and catch us if we run away to the woods!”

And Peter looked very wise, and said, “There are no such things as fairies, and there are no such things as gypsies, only in story-books.”

And little Ellen tossed her curls, and said, “If a truly gypsy ran after me I’d run and run, and he couldn’t catch me.”

And Peter and Ellen ran away down the road in the rain, till they came to the big, big woods.

And Peter said, “Oh, Ellen, see; all the flowers are bathing in the rain!”

And Ellen said, “Yes; the flowers

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stay out in the rain in their sweet little dresses.”

And Peter said, “Oh, let us pick our arms full of flowers and take them home to Mother!”

And little Ellen said, “All right, as soon as we’ve played gypsy.”

And little Ellen stooped down and whispered to the violets, “Don’t tell the gypsies we’ve come to the woods, for we are *terrible* afraid of gypsies.”

And Peter clapped his hands, and said, “Oh, there are the gypsies! Here come the gypsies! Hide, quick, behind a tree, little Ellen!”

And little Ellen ran very fast and hid behind a tree.

And little Ellen peeped out from behind her tree, and said, “Why, I don’t see a gypsy, Peter!”



AND ELLEN RAN AND PETER RAN AS FAST AS THEY COULD

THE GYPSY STORY

And Peter laughed, and said, "We are just *pretending*, and playing gypsies, you little goosie!"

And Ellen laughed, and said, "Oh, what fun! Let us play it again! I see a gypsy! Run, run, run, little Peter!"

And Peter said, "Oh, Ellen, look! look! the gypsies are *truly* coming! Run, run, run as fast as you can!"

And little Ellen looked behind her and saw a funny old man and a funny old woman running through the woods.

And the little old man laughed, "Ha! ha! ha!" And he called, "The gypsies are coming! The gypsies are coming! Run, run, run for your lives, little white heads!"

And Ellen ran and Peter ran as fast as they could. But all at once the little old man caught Peter in his arms and

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the little old woman caught little Ellen in her arms.

And Ellen screamed, "Oh, let me go; let me go to my Mamma!"

And Peter screamed, "Let me go, or I'll tell my Papa, you wicked old gypsy man!"

And the little old man laughed, and said, "Why, I thought you were playing gypsies?"

And little Ellen cried, and said, "We didn't know there were any *truly* gypsies in the woods!"

And the old woman laughed and kissed little Ellen, and said, "The gypsies always catch naughty boys and girls when they run away in the rain."

And little Ellen said, "Our Mother said we could run away if we wouldn't get lost."

THE GYPSY STORY

And the old woman laughed, and said, "Why, what a remarkable mother!"

And the old man said, "But you are lost, you dear little children; you ran and ran and ran through the woods, and now you are lost."

And Peter looked around, and said, "Oh, Ellen, I believe we *are* lost. What shall we do?"

And the old woman said, "I'll take you home, little children; I'm a very good gypsy; I'll take you home."

And the little old man laughed, and said, "Yes, we are very good gypsies; we'll take you home; but first come to our little log-house and have some supper."

And Peter looked up quick, and said, "*Truly* gypsies don't live in a house; truly gypsies always live in a tent."

And the funny old man laughed, and

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said, "Who said we were truly gypsies? We were just out in the rain playing gypsies, my little old sister and I."

And Peter said, "I think you were real wicked and naughty to frighten poor little Ellen and me."

And the little old woman kissed Ellen, and said, "I did not think you would be afraid of a nice old woman like me."

And the little old man laughed, and said, "No, I didn't think you would be afraid of a nice old boy like me."

And the little old man and woman took Peter and Ellen to their log-house in the woods, and they had fried chicken and cream gravy and biscuits for supper.

And after supper the little old man gave Peter a pet tame crow, and the little old woman gave Ellen two little bantam chickens. And when it was almost dark

THE GYPSY STORY

the little old man took Peter and Ellen home through the woods in the rain.

And Mamma came to the door to meet them, and said, “Where *have* you been so long, you naughty children?”

And Peter said, “We ran away to the woods to play, and the gypsies caught us—we thought they were truly gypsies.”

And the old man smiled, and said, “It was only this funny little old man and his little old sister playing like children once more.”

LITTLE ROBBERS

ONE morning Mary Amanda, the cook, came into the dining-room, and she looked very cross, and said, "Now, Peter and Ellen, listen to me. You must not go to the cooky-jar and take all the cookies I bake! I never go to that jar but I find it empty."

And Polly Parrot sat on the back of a chair, and she put her head on one side, and said, "Tut, tut, tut! what a cross old thing!"

And Peter laughed, and Ellen laughed, but Mamma said, "Why, Peter and Ellen, dears, do you go to the cooky-jar and take Mary Amanda's cookies?"

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And little Ellen said, "I thought they were our cookies to eat. I didn't know they were Mary Amanda's."

And Peter said, "Grandma always lets us go to her cooky-jar when we go over to her house to play."

And Mary Amanda looked real cross, and shook her finger, and said, "Cookies were made to eat when you come to the dinner-table, not out in the yard."

And Polly Parrot put her head on one side, and said, "Go away, Mary Amanda!"

And Peter and Ellen laughed, and Mary Amanda went back into the kitchen.

And Mamma said, "Mary Amanda is very angry. You must always ask me when you want a cooky, children."

And Peter and Ellen went out into the garden and walked about and looked at the flowers, and Peter said, "I suppose

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we were wicked robbers, little Ellen, to take Mary Amanda's cookies."

And little Ellen felt real naughty. She tossed her curls, and said, "I like to be wicked robbers and take Mary Amanda's cookies."

And Peter said, "I like to *play* being a robber, but Mary Amanda is so cross I'll not take her cookies."

And just then they heard a "click, click," and the front gate opened, and in came sweet Aunt Clarimond. She was the youngest, sweetest, dearest Auntie you ever saw.

And sweet Aunt Clarimond said, "Oh, good-morning, Peter and Ellen. Good-morning."

And Peter and Ellen said, "Oh, good-morning, sweet Aunt Clarimond."

And Aunt Clarimond said, "I hope

LITTLE ROBBERS

you are happy this morning. You both look a *little* sad."

And Ellen said, "Mary Amanda says we must not go to the cooky-jar *ever* again, and take one cooky."

And Peter said, "Mary Amanda says cookies are to eat at the table, and not when you play in the garden."

And sweet Aunt Clarimond laughed, and said, "You can come over to my house, whenever you please, and take cookies out of my cooky-jar. Cookies were made to eat."

And Ellen hugged sweet Aunt Clarimond, and said, "Oh, what fun that will be! You can make better cookies than Mary Amanda."

And Peter said, "May we play we are robbers and take cookies out of your cooky-jar?"

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And Aunt Clarimond said, “Yes, we’ll have a grand time together. Ellen and you may play robbers, and come into my pantry and take my cookies—*but only one each time you come.*”

And little Ellen danced up and down, and said, “Oh, what fun that will be, Aunt Clarimond.”

And Aunt Clarimond said, “I will come into the pantry and catch you, and put you in prison—the prison will be my arms.”

And Peter said, “When may we come, Aunt Clarimond?”

And Aunt Clarimond said, “You may come this afternoon; and now I must go home and bake cookies, for my cooky-jar is empty.”

And that afternoon Peter and Ellen put on their hats and went down the road to

LITTLE ROBBERS

Aunt Clarimond's house. (Ellen took her little tame monkey under her arm.)

And Peter said, "Now we will play we are robbers, and we must go real still, so no one will hear us."

And little Ellen said, "Yes, we must go real still, because we are wicked robbers."

And Peter and Ellen went on tiptoe around Aunt Clarimond's house, and crept into her pantry window.

And little Ellen said, "Oh, here is the cooky-jar! Isn't it a big, big cooky-jar, Peter?"

And Peter said, "We must remember we promised Aunt Clarimond only to take *one* cooky each time we came."

And Ellen said, "Yes; I can take only one cooky, but my little monkey can take one, too. He is a wicked little robber."

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And Peter stood on tiptoe and looked into the cooky-jar, and little Ellen stood on tiptoe and looked into the cooky-jar, and, oh, what do you think—that jar was filled with *thimble cookies*! Each little cooky was just the size of the circle of sweet Aunt Clarimond's thimble!

And Ellen said, “Oh, oh, what dear, little, cunning cookies!”

But Peter looked cross, and said, “Aunt Clarimond has played a joke on us! One of these tiny cookies will only make *one bite*!”

And the little monkey jumped on the edge of the cooky-jar and stole two little cookies.

And little Ellen laughed, and said, “Aunt Clarimond didn't tell this wicked little robber how many cookies he could steal.”



AND JUST THEN AUNT CLARIMOND OPENED THE PANTRY DOOR

LITTLE ROBBERS

And just then Aunt Clarimond opened the pantry door and came in, and caught Peter in her arms, and said, "Oh, here are those little robbers in my pantry taking my baby cookies!"

And little Ellen said, "There are three little robbers here, Aunt Clarimond."

And Peter said, "These cookies are so little they only last a minute!"

And Aunt Clarimond said, "Come, you three wicked little robbers, I have some handcuffs to put on your naughty hands, because you took my cookies."

And Aunt Clarimond led Peter and Ellen out into her kitchen, and there, on a plate, were three very large cookies—three *very* large cookies—and each had a hole in the middle.

And Aunt Clarimond slipped one big cooky over little Ellen's hand, and one

PETER AND ELLEN

big cooky over Peter's hand, and the other over the wicked little monkey's neck.

And Aunt Clarimond said, "There, you three naughty robbers, you have handcuffs on because you took my thimble cookies."

And the little monkey ran and jumped up on sweet Aunt Clarimond's shoulder, and began to nibble the big cooky on his neck.

And little Ellen laughed, and said, "Oh, what *splendid* big cookies these are!"

And Peter said, "I would like to have my pockets full of those little thimble cookies."

And Aunt Clarimond said, "When a little girl named Ellen and a little boy named Peter come to see me some day, and ring my front-door bell, I will fill their pockets with little thimble cookies."

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And little Ellen clapped her hands, and said, "Oh, goody! I love little thimble cookies. They melt in my mouth in a minute."

And Peter said, "We'll come over tomorrow, Aunt Clarimond, and ring your front-door bell."

And then Peter and Ellen went home. The little monkey rode on Peter's shoulder, and part of the big sugar cooky was still on his neck.

THE FUNNY ICICLE STORY

ONE day in winter, the cold, cold winter, little Peter and Ellen stood by the window looking out at the icicles that hung from their playhouse roof out in the garden.

And little Ellen clapped her hands, and said, “Oh, look at the ice-e-tickles out on our playhouse roof!”

And Peter opened his little mouth very wide and laughed very loud. “Ha! ha! ha! Oh, little Ellen, you said ice-e-*tickles* for ice-e-kickles!”

And little Ellen opened her sweet little mouth and laughed, and said, “Oh,

THE FUNNY ICICLE STORY

wasn't I funny! I said ice-e-tickles for ice-e-*kickles!*”

And Mamma looked up from her sewing and opened her sweet mouth and laughed, and said, “Oh, you dear little goosies — icicles, icicles, icicles! Now, do pronounce it right, then put on your little red coats and your little red caps and go out and play.”

And Peter smiled and tried very hard, and said, “Ice-e-kickles, ice-e-*kickles!* There, didn't I say it right, Mamma?”

And little Ellen said, “Ice-e-*tickles*, ice-e-*tickles!* There, didn't I say it right, Mamma?”

And Mamma laughed and laughed, and said, “No, no, no! Oh, you *dear* little goosies, when will you *ever* pronounce that word correctly!”

PETER AND ELLEN

And out in the other room Peter and Ellen heard a great big laugh.

“Ha! ha! ha! Ice-e-tickles! ice-e-kickles! I like to hear the darlings say it. Ha! ha! ha!

Dear Papa was out in the other room *just then*.

And Peter put on his little red coat and his little red cap and his warm red mittens, and Ellen put on her little red cap and little red coat and warm red mittens, and they went out into the beautiful winter world to play

And little Ellen tossed her curls, and said, “I’m *cross* at that old word ice-e-tickles because I can’t say it. I am going to knock every one off our play-house because I can’t say that funny, long word.”

And Peter put his arm around little



AND THERE, IN THEIR PLAYHOUSE, WHOM DO YOU THINK THEY FOUND

THE FUNNY ICICLE STORY

Ellen quickly, and said, “Oh, *please* don’t knock off the ice-e-kickles, little Ellen, they look like a beautiful silver fringe on our playhouse.”

And little Ellen looked at the beautiful icicles, and said, “Do they look like a beautiful silver fringe, little Peter?”

And Peter said, “Yes, I love them; I love everything in the beautiful winter world. I wish those ice-e-kickles would stay on our dear little playhouse forever.”

The dear little playhouse, in summer, was covered with roses, but now, in the beautiful winter, it was covered with snow. And all the edge of the playhouse was hung with a fringe of icicles, icicles, icicles!

And Peter and Ellen went out to their dear little playhouse, and there, in their playhouse, whom do you think they found?

PETER AND ELLEN

Why a funny little man with a funny false-face, wrapped in a buffalo robe.

And little Ellen was afraid of the little man. She opened her eyes very wide, and said, "Oh, Peter, see the funny little man with a funny false-face in our play-house!"

But Peter was not afraid. He walked right up to the funny little man with the funny false-face, and said, "Who are you, funny little man, and why are you here in our playhouse?"

And the funny little man gave a funny little grunt, and said, "I am old Jack Frost, and I have been busy all night hanging ice-e-kickles and ice-e-tickles on the roof of your playhouse. I was tired, so I came in to rest."

And little Ellen laughed and laughed, and said, "Oh, Jack Frost, you say that

THE FUNNY ICICLE STORY

word wrong. You can't talk plain, Jack Frost."

And Peter pointed his finger at the funny little man with the funny false-face, and said, "Ha! ha! You can't talk plain. You can't talk plain."

And little old Jack Frost stood up and shook his fist at Peter and Ellen, and said, "I *can* talk plain. The little boys and girls where I live all say ice-e-kickles and ice-e-tickles! Who makes the ice-e-kickles, I'd like to know? Who hangs them on your playhouse roof?"

And little Ellen whispered to Peter, "Jack Frost is *awful* cross; let's run, let's run!"

But little Peter was not afraid—oh, no. He walked right up to Jack Frost, and said, "I'm not afraid of you. You are only a make-believe."

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And Jack Frost shook his fist right in little Peter's face, and said, "If I am only a make-believe, who makes your wonderful ice-e-kickles? Who makes your wonderful ice-e-tickles and hangs them on your playhouse roof?"

And little Peter was not afraid—oh, no. He shook his little fist, and said, "God made every beautiful ice-e-kickle that ever was. You are only a make-believe Jack Frost. You're only a make-believe."

And little Ellen stood by the door and shook her little fist, and said, "You're only a make-believe Jack Frost. God made every beautiful ice-e-tickle that ever was."

And the little funny man with the funny false-face dropped down in a chair, and pretended to cry. "I'm only a make-believe, they say! I'm only a make-believe!"

THE FUNNY ICICLE STORY

And Peter said, "Take off your funny false-face, you bad little man!"

And little Ellen said, "Take off your funny false-face!"

And the little man took off his funny false-face, and there sat—who do you think it was?

Why, Peter and Ellen's funny, dear Papa.

And little Ellen screamed, "Papa! Papa! I never guessed it was *you*!"

And little Peter said, "Why, Papa, Papa, I *never* guessed it was *you*!"

And little Ellen said, "You are not a make-believe. You are the dearest, funniest Papa that ever lived."

And Papa said, "Well, let us go and look at the beautiful, long icicles—icicles—that hang from your playhouse roof."

And they all went out to look at the

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beautiful, long icicles, but oh, oh, oh! they were *gone*, every one gone!"

And Papa looked up at the big, round sun, and said, "Old Sun, you are very warm this morning, and you have stolen the ice-e-kickles, ice-e-tickles, every one!"

And Peter looked up at the big, round sun, and his eyes were full of tears. "I love them so, I didn't want them to go—I love them so!" he said.

But funny little Ellen tossed her curls and looked real naughty, and said, "I'm just glad you stole them away, big, glorious Sun, because every one laughs when I try to say *ici-cles*!"

And Papa laughed and clapped his hands, and said, "Ellen, little Ellen, you said the word *right*—icicles, icicles, icicles!"

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

WHEN Christmas-eve came Mamma and Papa planned a grand surprise for little Peter and Ellen. Instead of a Christmas-tree in the house, as children usually have, they planned to have a Christmas-tree in the barn, so that dear little Baby Louise could see it. Peter and Ellen loved their little white pony so dearly they were never quite happy unless she was with them, so darling Papa and Mamma decided that they would have the Christmas-tree in the barn this year and the little white pony could see it. But, oh! you ask, wasn't

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it too cold in the barn to enjoy a Christmas-tree? Yes, it would have been too cold, but darling Papa had a very large stove put up in the barn, and built a splendid big fire in the stove, so it was warm and cosey.

All day long before the night of the Christmas-tree Peter and Ellen kept wondering where Mamma and Papa could be. For Papa had said, "You must be very good children all day and not go out in the yard, and be sure not to go to the barn. Then we will give you a grand surprise this evening."

Mamma and Papa were out in the barn all day working with Santa Claus, trimming the beautiful Christmas-tree.

Santa Claus dear had written a letter to Mamma to say, "I have so many presents this year for Peter and Ellen, and



WATCHING MAMMA AND PAPA AND DEAR SANTA CLAUS TRIMMING THE
CHRISTMAS-TREE

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

presents for that naughty monkey, Jock, and that funny parrot, and the little white pony, that you certainly must help me trim the Christmas-tree in the barn."

But Peter did not know that Santa Claus dear had written this letter to Mamma, and little Ellen did not know that Santa Claus had written the letter, so they never dreamed that all the day before Christmas-eve Santa Claus was out in the barn, snug and warm, with Papa and Mamma.

But Baby Louise, the little white pony, knew. All day long she stood in her little stall and looked out with her beautiful, big, dark eyes, watching Mamma and Papa and dear Santa Claus trimming the Christmas-tree, and loading the green branches with presents for Peter and Ellen and the naughty monkey and the funny parrot.

PETER AND ELLEN

Mamma laughed, and said, "Oh, Baby Louise, if you could only talk you would tell Peter and Ellen what a splendid time you have had to-day, wouldn't you, dear?"

And the little white pony tossed up her head and whinnied loudly, which meant, "Yes, if I could talk I certainly would tell."

Santa Claus laughed when he heard the little white pony whinny, and said, "Now, just hear the pony talk!" And he held up a string of silver sleigh-bells, and said, "Here is a string of silver sleigh-bells, a very nice present for a little white pony about your size."

And the little white pony tossed up her head and whinnied loudly, which meant, "I guess that string of little silver sleigh-bells is for me."

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

And Santa Claus said, "Over there in the corner of the barn is a beautiful little blue sleigh, and a nice little pony I know will take a nice little boy and girl I know out riding on Christmas Day over the beautiful snow."

And Baby Louise tossed up her head and whinnied again, which meant, "Oh, I know all about that little blue sleigh."

Santa Claus laughed, "Ha! ha! ha! What a very wise pony you are!"

But when it was dark and little candles were lighted, Baby Louise did open her eyes with surprise. She never had seen a Christmas-tree before.

"What will happen next?" she thought, and just at that moment the barn door opened, and in ran Peter and Ellen and the naughty monkey and the funny parrot. And oh! how Peter and Ellen laughed

PETER AND ELLEN

and clapped their hands when they saw the Christmas-tree in the barn and the funny Santa Claus!

And little Ellen said, "Oh, we know Santa Claus trimmed our Christmas-tree out here in the barn so that Baby Louise could see it!"

And the parrot put her head on one side and looked at the Christmas-tree, and said, "Oh, la, me, how fine!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Santa Claus. "Hear that parrot talk!"

Then the naughty monkey ran up and sat on Santa Claus's shoulder and scolded, and pulled Santa Claus's ear.

Santa Claus laughed. "Ha! ha! ha! Stop pulling my ear, you rogue, and I'll give you a present!" And Santa Claus walked up to the tree and took off a little red cap and put it on the monkey's

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

head, and said, "Here is a present for you, young monkey."

And the parrot laughed, and cried, "Don't we look great!"

Santa Claus gave Ellen a splendid big doll, and he gave Peter a splendid pair of skates and a knife.

Then he gave Polly a big red apple and a sugar cooky with a hole in the middle.

But when Peter and Ellen saw the little blue sleigh in the corner, how they did laugh and clap their hands.

"That is a present for Baby Louise," said Santa; "but I expect that she will be a good little pony and share it with you."

Peter said, "Oh yes, she will take us out riding to-morrow over the beautiful snow!"

There were many, many presents be-

PETER AND ELLEN

sides on the Christmas-tree—too many to name.

And Papa said, “Well, children, isn’t this the very best Christmas you ever had?”

And little Ellen said, “Yes, darling Papa, it is the very best Christmas we ever had.”

Peter said, “Baby Louise thinks it is the very best Christmas she ever had, too.”

Polly put her head on one side, and cried, “Oh, I am so happy! I am so happy!”

And on Christmas morning Baby Louise, with her silver sleigh-bells on her neck, took Peter and Ellen out riding in the little blue sleigh over the beautiful snow.

THE RAINY-DAY STORY

ALWAYS on a rainy day there was one thing little Peter and Ellen did love to do—they did love to put on their little rubber boots and rubber coats and rubber caps, and take their little umbrellas, and go out into the shining rain and down the road to the little red house where Donny lived. Donny was a big little boy. He was nine years old, and he could think of more things to do on a rainy day than any one you ever knew. Donny boy had a *splendid* mother. She always helped Donny think of things to do on a rainy day.

PETER AND ELLEN

And one day it was raining, oh, very hard. Out of the sky the bright drops were chasing one another so fast you could hardly see the trees in the garden when you stood by the window.

And Mamma said, "It is raining too hard for you to go to Donny's house to-day, I'm afraid."

And little Ellen said, "Oh, Mamma, we like to go out when it rains very hard!"

And Peter said, "We like to hear the beautiful rain come patter-patter on our little umbrellas."

And Mamma said, "All right, you may go. I know the beautiful rain will not harm you."

And Peter and Ellen put on their little rubber boots and rubber coats and caps, and each took a little umbrella and went

THE RAINY-DAY STORY

out into the shining rain and down the road to Donny's house.

And Ellen waded in all the little brooks beside the road and splashed the water, and laughed and said, "I love a rainy day! I love to go down to Donny's house to play!"

And Peter waded in the brooks and splashed the water, and laughed and said, "I'm a duck—quack! quack! quack!"

And little Ellen said, "Oh yes, we are ducks—quack! quack! quack!"

And Peter and Ellen went on down the beautiful road, in the shining rain, to Donny's house.

And Donny opened the door, and said, "Hello, Peter and Ellen! I was just looking out of the window for you."

And Peter and Ellen went into Donny's little red house. And little Ellen

PETER AND ELLEN

said, "What are we going to play this rainy day, Donny?"

And Donny laughed, and said, "Well, first, little Ellen, we are going to make six little loaves of bread."

And Peter looked cross, and said, "Oh, Donny, *boys* don't want to make bread!"

And Donny said, "We are going to make six little, tiny loaves of bread and then feed my little white mice."

And Peter said, "Oh, Donny, have you some little white mice?"

And Donny said, "Yes, I have six little white mice, and we must bake bread to feed them."

And they went out into the kitchen, and when Ellen saw the tiny, little baking-tins she clapped her hands, and said, "Oh, I like to make bread! What cunning little loaves these will be!"

THE RAINY-DAY STORY

And there on the bread-board were five small pieces of dough.

And Peter looked very cross, and said, “*Boys* don’t like to make bread, Donny!”

And Donny smiled sweetly, and said, “Little Ellen likes to make bread, and we like to help her, and then we will feed the white mice.”

But when Peter began to knead the soft dough into nice little loaves and put them into the little baking-tins, he thought it was fun, too, and said, “I *do* like to make bread, if I am a boy.”

And Donny’s splendid mamma came into the kitchen, and said, “I am glad to see you, Peter and Ellen, and what fine little loaves of bread you have made to-day.”

And Ellen said, “We are going to

PETER AND ELLEN

bake the bread and feed Donny's little white mice."

And Donny's mamma said, "Oh, I would feed the little mice crackers and eat the nice little loaves of bread you have yourselves!"

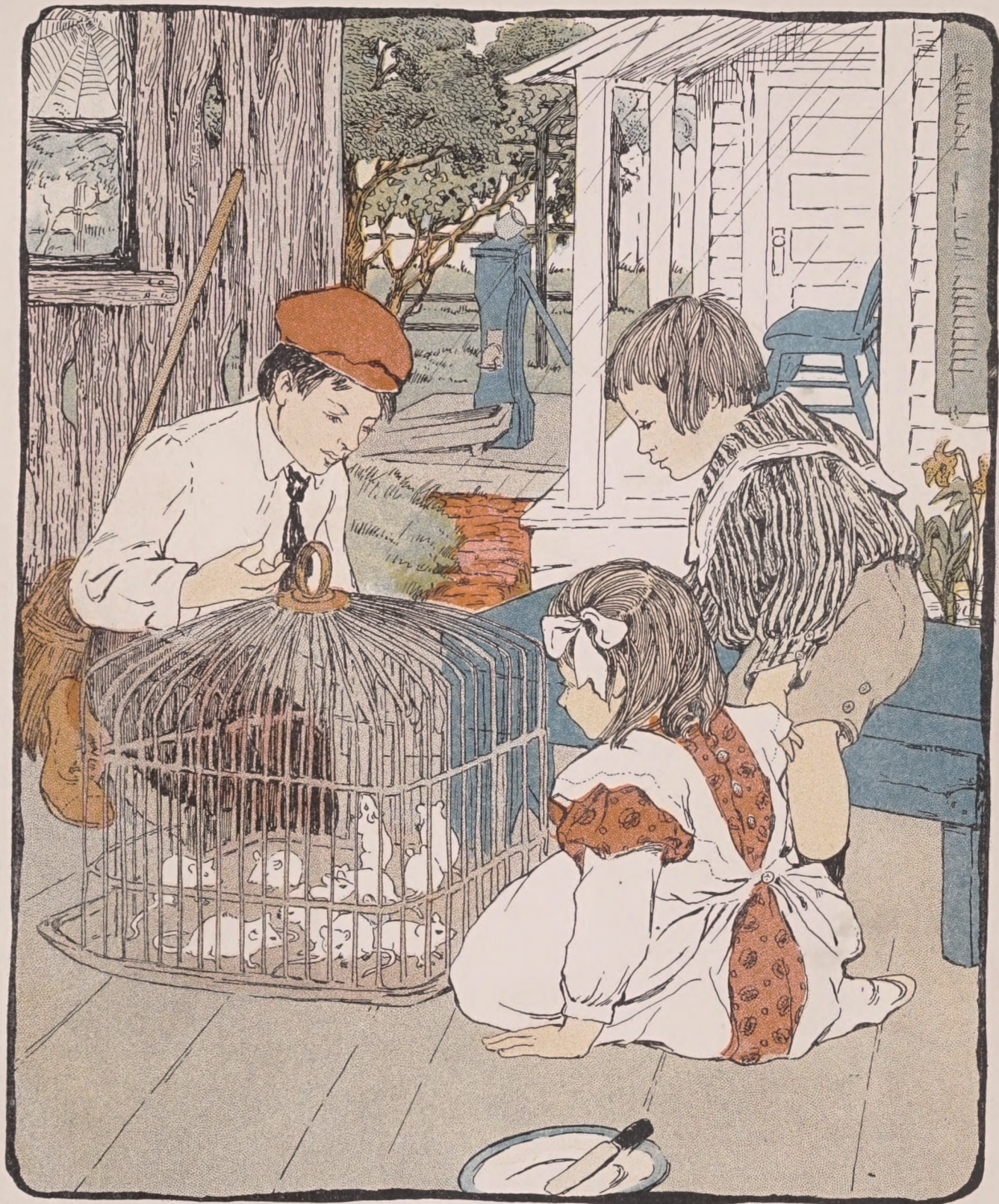
And Ellen said, "Oh, goody! goody! I'd like to eat the two little loaves I've made, with butter."

And Donny's Mamma sat down to watch the nice little loaves of bread while they baked.

And Donny got some crackers, and they all went out into the shed, and there was a big wire cage, and six cunning little white mice running about.

And Peter said, "Oh, isn't it fun to watch them chasing one another about the cage?"

And little Ellen said, "Oh, see! see!



AND DONNY FED THE WHITE MICE CRACKERS

THE RAINY-DAY STORY

There is a little white mouse swinging alone in that swing!"

And Donny fed the white mice crackers, and said, "Almost all animals can learn to play tricks, I guess."

And Donny's mother came to the door, and said, "Come, children, and eat your little loaves of bread, and then we will make *candy canes*."

And they all went into the kitchen again, and Ellen ate the two tiny, little loaves of bread that she made, with butter. And Peter and Donny each ate the two little loaves they made, with butter.

And then Donny's splendid mother showed them how to make candy canes on a rainy day. She boiled the molasses on the stove, and she made three long candy canes—one for Ellen and one for Peter and one for Donny.

PETER AND ELLEN

And when the candy canes were done Donny's mother said, "Now I will tell you a beautiful rainy-day story."

And Peter and Ellen and Donny sat down by the window and sucked their candy canes, and Donny's Mamma began to tell the rainy-day story.

"Once upon a time," she said, "there was a little caterpillar who lived on a big, sunny leaf in the garden. And this little caterpillar used to look up and see the beautiful butterflies flying about over his leaf in the sunshine, and he thought, 'Oh, dear! I wish I were a butterfly, a beautiful butterfly, and could fly about and see all the dear flowers in the garden! I'm so tired of being a caterpillar, and lying here on this leaf all day!'

"And one day the little caterpillar woke in the morning and found himself

THE RAINY-DAY STORY

in a very dark little house, so dark that he could not see one ray of light. And the little caterpillar thought, ‘Oh, dear! I’m sorry that I complained! I would far rather lie on my leaf and look up at the sun, and the butterflies flying about, than be shut up in this dark place!’

“And then the dear little caterpillar fell asleep, and slept and slept a long, long time. And then, one morning, he woke, and, oh, what do you think? He found two little wings on his body. And the caterpillar spread his wings, and flew up, up, up, and out into the garden. And the caterpillar laughed, ‘Ha! ha! I have my wish! I have my wings! I’m not a caterpillar! I’m a beautiful butterfly now, and I can fly all around the garden!’”

And Donny’s mother said, “That is all of the story, Peter and Ellen.”

PETER AND ELLEN

And Peter said, “It is a *beautiful* story. And now we must go home, little Ellen.”

And they put on their little rubber boots and rubber coats and caps, and took their umbrellas, and went home through the rain.

Do you wonder that Peter and Ellen loved to go down to Donny’s little red house when it rained?

THE FUNNY PLAY

PETER and Ellen had a dear, kind Papa. He was just like a nice big boy. He often played with them, and often planned new plays and games for them.

One day he taught them a game that they could play with Jock, the little monkey, and Polly Parrot, in the garden.

And, oh, it was such a funny game, they played it over and over every day for a long, long time.

Papa would tie a handkerchief over the funny little monkey's eyes, and then he would dig six little holes in the ground,

PETER AND ELLEN

and in each little hole he would put a tiny red apple, and cover it over with dirt. And then Papa would pull the handkerchief off of Jock's eyes, and say, "Hide and seek, Jock; find the apples, you clever fellow."

And when the little monkey would walk very near a hole where a little red apple was hid, Polly Parrot would put her head on one side, and scream, "Bite your toes off! Bite your toes off!"

And, oh, how Peter and Ellen would laugh whenever the little monkey found an apple! And you would have laughed, too, if you could have seen him. That little monkey would scratch in the ground until he found an apple, and then he would take off his little red cap and make an elegant bow. (Papa had taught him this funny trick to surprise little Peter and

THE FUNNY PLAY

Ellen.) And every time the little monkey would take off his little red cap and make a bow, Polly Parrot would laugh, and say, "Ha, ha! he, he! Oh, dear me!"

And when Jock had found all the six little apples, Peter would say, "Now I will tie the handkerchief over your eyes, and hide the apples, and you must find them again."

But no, oh no; the little monkey would not find the apples for Peter!

Peter would coax him, and Ellen would coax him, but he would not look for those apples.

And then Papa would say, "Polly, dear, you coax Jock to look for the little red apples."

And Polly would walk up to the little monkey, and put her head on one side, and say, "Sweetheart, please!"

PETER AND ELLEN

And, oh, how Peter and Ellen laughed !

They knew that darling Papa had taught Polly to say this to Jock.

And the very minute that Polly said, "Sweetheart, please !" Jock would scamper around lively, and look for the little red apples.

And Papa said, "Oh, my dears, I saw a little dog in town to-day, that I know you would love dearly."

And Peter said, "Oh, Papa, will you buy the dear little dog for us?"

And Papa laughed, and said, "I am afraid Miss Polly Parrot and Jock will be jealous of the little dog, he can play so many tricks."

And little Ellen said, "Oh no ; Polly will love the little dog ; won't you, Polly?"

And Polly said, "Yes, sir-ee!"

And Papa laughed, and said, "Well,

THE FUNNY PLAY

if Polly will be good and kind we will buy the little dog.”

And after dinner Peter and Ellen went to town with Papa to buy the little dog.

And Polly sat in her nice big cage in a sunny window, and Jock sat on the window-sill, and they waited for Peter and Ellen to come home.

Polly and Jock were very good friends, but loved Peter and Ellen so dearly they were always a little lonely when they were away from home.

And Polly looked down at the little monkey sitting on the window-sill, and she put her head on one side, and said, “Cheer up! Cheer up!”

And the little monkey looked out of the window, and then up at Polly, and made an excited little noise.

And Polly said, “Oh, keep still!”

PETER AND ELLEN

But the little monkey danced up and down on the window-sill, and chattered and scolded in the most excited way.

And then the door opened, and in walked Papa and Peter and Ellen, and the dearest little dog you ever saw!

And, oh, when Polly Parrot saw that little dog, she ruffled up her feathers, and screamed, "Go away! Go away!"

Little Ellen laughed, but Peter said, "Naughty Polly, you must love this cunning little dog."

And the little monkey jumped down from the window-sill, and ran up to the little dog, and pulled her little tail.

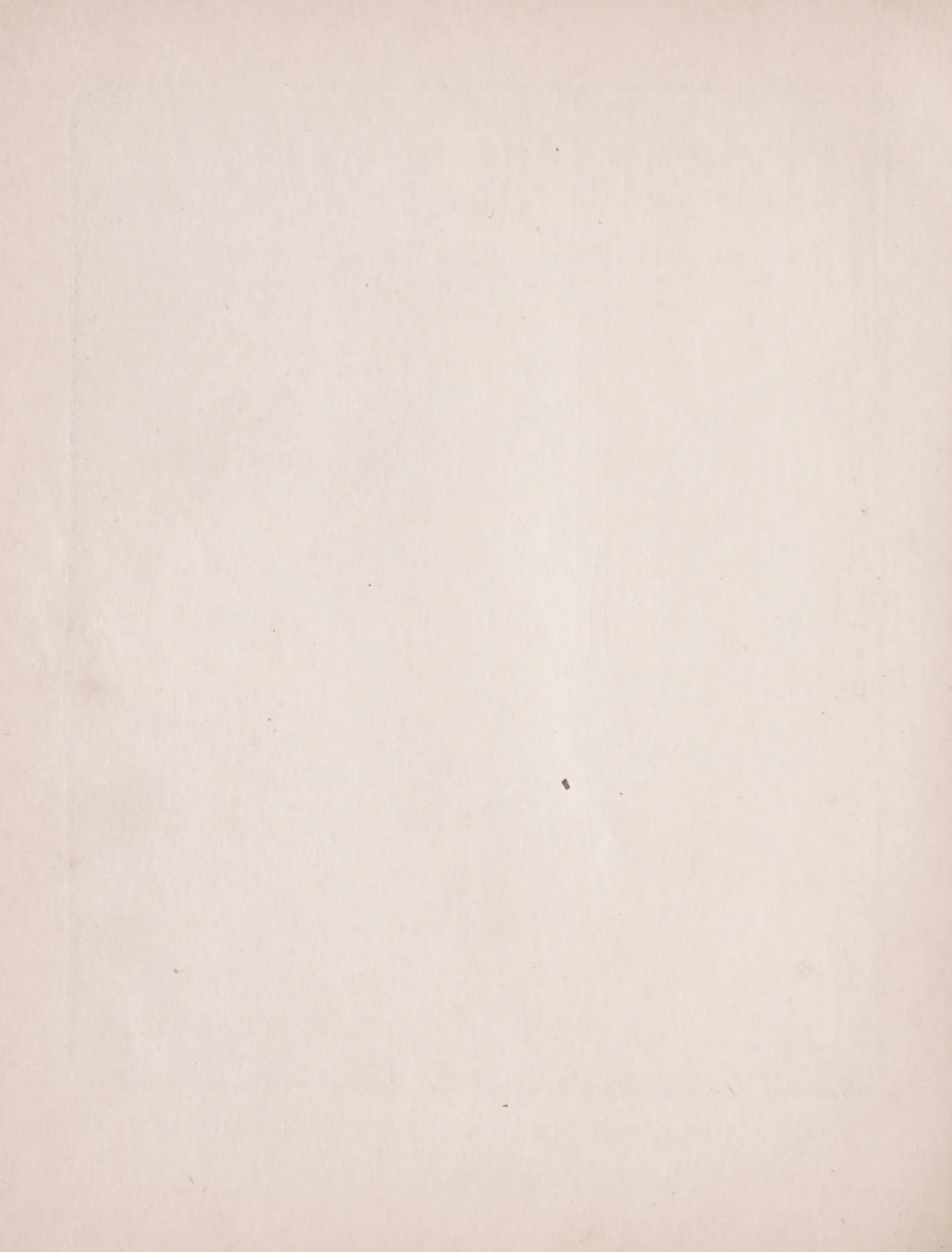
And little Ellen laughed, but Peter said, "Oh, you naughty monkey, to pull the little dog's tail!"

The dear little dog did not care.

She looked at Polly and then at Jock



JOCK RAN UP TO THE LITTLE DOG, AND PULLED HER LITTLE TAIL



THE FUNNY PLAY

with her bright little eyes, as though she would say, "Oh, I know how to make them love me."

And then that little dog began to dance up and down the room on her little hind legs.

And, oh, how Polly laughed! She danced up and down on the perch in her cage, and said, "Bless my buttons! Bless my buttons!"

And the little monkey jumped down from the window-sill, and began to dance, too.

And little Ellen clapped her hands, and said, "Now they all love one another! Now Polly and Jock and the little dog are all good friends!"

And Papa said, "We will name the little dog Happy, because she has such a happy little face."

PETER AND ELLEN

And Peter said, "Come, we will go into the garden, and let Happy see Jock find the apples."

And they all went into the garden, and Papa hid the apples again, and the little monkey found them.

And when Happy had seen the little monkey find the apples, she began to bark very loud, which meant, "Oh, hide the apples again, and let me find them!"

And Papa hid the apples again, and that little dog found every one.

And, oh, it did make Jock cross to think that little dog knew all his tricks! He chased Happy all around the garden, and pulled her little tail.

And Papa said, "Happy will have to live in the barn with Baby Louise. Jock will not be kind to her."

And Peter and Ellen took Happy out

THE FUNNY PLAY

to the barn, and Peter said to the little white pony, "Baby Louise, we have brought you a new friend, dear."

And when Ellen held Happy up, Baby Louise stuck out her tongue and licked the little white pony's face—that was the way she kissed him!

So the little dog lived in the barn with Baby Louise, and they learned to love each other dearly.

RUNAWAY PETER AND ELLEN

AND one morning Papa hitched Baby Louise, the little white pony, to the little cart, and Peter was driving up and down, up and down alone in the road before the house. The little white pony was so very gentle, and Peter was such a brave little boy, that Papa sometimes did let him drive a very short distance down the road.

And little Ellen came out into the road, and called, "I want to ride, too, Peter!"

And Peter stopped the little white pony, and Ellen got into the little cart.

RUNAWAY PETER AND ELLEN

And Ellen said, "Oh, Peter, let us go to Wyville, all alone, and see what we can see!"

And Peter said, "Oh, Papa never will let us drive Baby Louise all alone to Wyville!"

And little Ellen tossed her curls, and looked real naughty, and said, "Let us run away, quick, and not ask Papa and Mamma."

And Peter looked real naughty, and said, "I dare run away, if you dare run away, little Ellen."

And little Ellen tossed her curls, and said, "I dare run away to Wyville!"

And Peter took the whip and whipped Baby Louise, and away they went down the road in the little cart.

And Mamma came out into the road, and called, "Peter and Ellen, come home!"

PETER AND ELLEN

Where are you going? Come home at once, Peter and Ellen!"

And little Ellen called back, "We are running away, dear, precious Mamma; we *can't* come back! We are running away!"

And Peter said, "Oh, I guess we'd better go back, little Ellen."

And little Ellen tossed her curls, and looked *real* naughty, and said, "I want to run away; I don't want to go back!"

And Peter said, "I dare run away, if you dare run away, little Ellen!"

And little Ellen tossed her curls and laughed, and said, "I dare run away, I dare run away to Pieville, Wyville!"

And Peter said, "What makes you call the town Wyville, Pieville, little Ellen?"

And Ellen said, "Because we can buy

RUNAWAY PETER AND ELLEN

little, tiny cherry pies in Wyville, and so I call it Wyville, Pieville !”

And Peter laughed, and whipped the little white pony, and said, “Here we go to Wyville, Pieville, to buy little cherry pies !”

And little Ellen said, “How many little cherry pies are you going to buy, Peter ?”

And Peter said, “I have ten cents, and I’m going to buy two little cherry pies.”

And Ellen said, “I have five cents, so I can only buy one little cherry pie.”

And Peter said, “Oh, little Ellen, we are *very* naughty to run away to Wyville !”

And little Ellen tossed her curls, and said, “I don’t care ; I like to be naughty sometimes !”

And Peter laughed, and said, “Yes, sometimes I like to be just *awful* naughty, don’t you ?”

PETER AND ELLEN

And then all at once little Ellen began to cry. "I'm afraid my Mamma will feel bad because I am so naughty," she said.

And Peter said, "I guess we'd better go home."

And Ellen said, "No, no! I want to go to Wyville, Pieville, and buy little cherry pies, but I don't want my Mamma to feel bad because I'm so naughty."

And Peter said, "Oh, Ellen, I see Wyville just down the hill! We are almost there!"

And little Ellen looked down the hill, and there was the little town of Wyville.

And Ellen clapped her hands, and said, "Oh, we are almost there, and won't the little, tiny cherry pies taste good?"

And Peter said, "I wouldn't go back now for a dollar—would you, little Ellen?"



AND THOSE LITTLE CHERRY PIES WERE JUICY AND SWEET AND GOOD

RUNAWAY PETER AND ELLEN

And Ellen said, "No, I wouldn't go back for a dollar, now."

And Peter whipped the little white pony, and away they went down the hill, very fast, and in just a few minutes they were in the little town, and before the little store where the little cherry pies were for sale.

And Peter bought two little cherry pies, and Ellen bought one, and then they got into the little cart and started for home.

And those little cherry pies were juicy and sweet and good, but when they were all gone little Ellen began to cry again, "Oh, I wish I hadn't been naughty and run away and disobeyed my Mamma!"

And Peter said, "I love my Papa, and he will feel so bad when he knows how naughty I've been!"

PETER AND ELLEN

And Ellen said, "But those cherry pies were nice, and I like little wee cherry pies."

And Peter said, "I'd rather be good, and please my Mamma and Papa, than have all the cherry pies in the world!"

And Ellen cried very loud, and said, "I'm afraid my Mamma will whip me because I ran away."

And Peter said, "I'm afraid my Papa will whip me."

And very soon they drove into the yard, and there was their own beautiful home.

And there was Papa, dear Papa, with a very sad face, waiting for them.

And Papa helped Peter and Ellen out of their little cart, and then he said, "Peter and Ellen, go right up-stairs to your rooms, and do not come down till I tell you to."

RUNAWAY PETER AND ELLEN

And Ellen cried, “Oh, Papa, I’m sorry I ran away, but I wanted a wee little cherry pie so much!”

And Papa said, “Go right up-stairs to your rooms and go to bed, and don’t get up till I tell you to!”

And Peter said, “Why, Papa, it is only morning, and the sun is shining—*must* we go to bed right now?”

And Papa said, “Yes, Peter and Ellen, you must go to bed right now!”

And Peter and Ellen went up-stairs to their own little rooms and undressed and went to bed.

And the sun was shining and it was morning.

And little Ellen hid her face in her pillow, and cried, and cried, and cried, because she had been so naughty.

And little Peter lay in his bed and

PETER AND ELLEN

thought how naughty he had been, and felt very sorry.

And one hour passed, and two hours passed, and Mamma did not come up-stairs, and Papa did not come up-stairs. Poor little Ellen went to sleep, but Peter lay wide awake and felt very sad indeed.

And all at once he heard a voice say, “Peter, Peter! tut, tut, tut!”

And Peter looked, and there was Polly Parrot sitting on the window-sill in the sun.

And Peter said, “Why, Polly Parrot, how did you get into my room?”

And Polly said, “Oh, Mary—Miss Mary.” Mary was the servant.

And just then little Ellen woke up and sat up in bed, quick, and said, “Who pulled my little nose?”

And there on the bed beside Ellen was her funny little monkey.

RUNAWAY PETER AND ELLEN

And Ellen called, "Oh, Peter, my funny little monkey is in my room, and he pulled my nose!"

And Peter said, "I guess Mary let them come in so we wouldn't be lonely."

And just then Mamma opened the door and came into little Ellen's room, and said, "Will my darling Ellen promise me *never* to run away again?"

And little Ellen hugged her mother, and said, "Yes, I'll promise, dear Mamma. I was the naughtiest one, because I coaxed little Peter to go."

And Peter called from his room, "I wanted to go. I was naughty, too, dear Mamma."

And Mamma said, "I forgive you both, and so does Papa. You may get up now and dress; dinner is ready. We are going to have peaches and cream for dinner."

THE SURPRISE-PARTY

AND one afternoon Grandpa came over to see Peter and Ellen. He came on his big white horse—trot, trot.

And Peter and Ellen were swinging under the apple-trees in the garden. Peter had a swing on the limb of one apple-tree, and Ellen had a swing on the limb of another apple-tree.

And Grandpa fastened his big white horse by the gate and came into the garden, and said, “Hurrah! Peter and Ellen, put on your little hats and go home with me, and see what you find at my house.”

THE SURPRISE-PARTY

And Peter and Ellen went into the house and asked their Mamma if they could go home with Grandpa on his big white horse.

And Mamma said, “Oh, I *can't* let my darlings go to-day!”

And Grandpa said, “Yes, you can, too.” And Grandpa whispered something to Mamma.

And Mamma clapped her hands and laughed, and said, “Oh, you dear old Grandpa, how pleased Peter and Ellen *will* be!”

And Peter wondered what Grandpa whispered to Mamma, and Ellen wondered, too, but they were too polite to ask.

And Mamma said, “All right, you may go home with Grandpa, children, and I know you will have a *splendid* time.”

And then Peter and Ellen went out

PETER AND ELLEN

to the gate, and Grandpa put Ellen before him on the big white horse, and Peter sat behind him; and away they started—trot, trot—for Grandpa's house.

And Ellen said, "Grandpa, I wish I could take my dear Polly Parrot with me. I'm afraid she will be lonely without me."

And Grandpa said, "Oh, dear, what a child she is for pets! I suppose we will have to go back and get Miss Polly Parrot."

And Grandpa turned the big white horse around, and they went back—trot, trot—after Miss Polly Parrot.

And when Polly was on the big white horse with Peter and Ellen and Grandpa, she looked around, and said, "Fine day, fine day!"

And little Ellen laughed, and said, "Yes, it is a beautiful day, Polly."

THE SURPRISE-PARTY

And Grandpa laughed, and said, "I am glad you brought that remarkable bird, little Ellen; she will amuse all the children to-day."

And Peter said, "What children will Polly amuse to-day, Grandpa?"

And Grandpa laughed, and said, "Well, I declare, I almost told the secret!"

And Ellen said, Oh, Grandpa, tell us the secret! What is the secret, Grandpa?"

And Grandpa said, "We will be at my home in a minute, and then you shall know the secret."

And very soon they came to a big yellow house in a beautiful yard.

And Grandpa said, "Here we are, and now in a moment more you shall know the secret."

And Peter and Ellen went into the big

PETER AND ELLEN

yellow house with Grandpa, and there was dear Grandma smiling and waiting for them.

And Polly Parrot said, "How-de-do!"

And Grandma laughed, and said, "Why, how do you do, Miss Polly!"

And then Grandma said, "Peter and Ellen, there are *six little children* hid in this room; if you can find them we will have a little surprise-party."

And little Ellen clapped her hands, and said, "Oh, what fun, Grandma! Now we know what the secret is!"

And Peter and Ellen ran around the big, long room and began to look for the six little children.

And all at once Ellen looked under a table, and cried, "Oh! oh! oh! Here are Arabella and Araminta under this table!"

And Arabella and Araminta laughed



AND PETER AND ELLEN BEGAN TO LOOK FOR THE SIX LITTLE CHILDREN

THE SURPRISE-PARTY

and crept out from under the table, and said, "We were so glad to come to your party, Peter and Ellen."

And Polly Parrot laughed, and said, "Ho! ho! Arabella! Araminta!"

And Peter looked under the lounge, and said, "Oh! oh! oh! Here are Roggie and Reggie!"

And Roggie and Reggie laughed and crept out from under the lounge, and said, "We came to the party, too!"

And Grandma dear said, "Now, when you have found the little brother and sister who are never afraid, you will have found all the party."

And Ellen and Peter looked and looked and looked, and at last they thought to look in a closet, and *there*—yes, there stood the wonderful Jane and John, who were *never* afraid.

PETER AND ELLEN

And Peter said, "Oh, Jane and John, I'm so glad you came to our party!"

And little Ellen danced about the room, and said, "It is a surprise-party, isn't it, Grandma?"

And Grandma said, "Yes, bless your dear little heart, it is."

And Grandpa said, "You are only going to have one thing to eat at this party to-day, children, but when you have seen what it is you will be surprised."

And Grandma went out into the next room, and when she came back she had eight bright-colored boxes.

And Grandma gave Arabella a red box, and she gave Araminta a blue box, and she gave Roggie a pink box, and she gave Reggie a yellow box, and she gave Jane a green box, and she gave John a lavender-colored box, and she gave Peter a

THE SURPRISE-PARTY

scarlet box, and she gave little Ellen a white box.

And Grandma said, "Dear children, I made the candy you will find in your boxes, and I know you will say that Grandma's candy is as nice as it is funny."

And the children all opened their boxes, and, oh, how they laughed! There were candy pigs, and candy sheep, and candy birds, and candy ducks, and candy crows, and candy elephants, and candy apples, and candy peaches, and little candy men and women in those bright-colored boxes.

And Grandpa laughed, and said, "Well, children, what do you think of Grandma's candy?"

And all the children clapped their hands, and said, "Oh, it is splendid, splendid, Grandpa!"

PETER AND ELLEN

And Polly Parrot said, "Polly want a cracker!"

And little Ellen laughed and said, "You mean you want some candy, Polly."

And Grandpa gave Polly a candy pig, and Polly sat on the window-sill and ate her candy pig.

And the children sat and talked and laughed, and ate candy birds, and candy peaches, and candy ducks, and all Grandma's funny candy.

And then they all played hide-and-seek again, and Grandpa and Grandma played, too.

It was a splendid surprise-party—the very best party that Peter and Ellen ever had, even at Grandpa's house

And when it was time to go home, Grandpa said, "Now, if you will all come out-doors, I will show you the funny

THE SURPRISE-PARTY

way you are all going home from the party.”

And they all went out-doors, and there was a big load of hay. And Grandpa took all the children home on the big load of hay. Peter and Ellen, Arabella and Araminta, Roggie and Reggie, and wonderful Jane and John all lived quite near together. So Grandpa put them all on the big load of hay, and away they went down the beautiful road home from the party.

THE OAK-TREE PLAYHOUSE

AND one morning Papa put on his hat, and said, "Peter and Ellen, if you will follow me I will show you a sight worth seeing."

And precious Mamma jumped up from her sewing, and said, "Oh, I want to go, too! I want to see a sight worth seeing!"

And Papa laughed, and said, "Yes, do, Mamma! Put on your hat and come, too, and I'll show you a sight worth seeing."

And Peter and Ellen and precious Mamma followed tall, funny Papa out through the garden and into the little

THE OAK-TREE PLAYHOUSE

meadow, and Papa said, "Follow me, follow me, you three, down this zigzag, zigzag path through the meadow."

They walked in line, Papa and Ellen and Peter and Mamma, down the little zigzag path across the meadow. And very soon they came to a little wood where the thorn-trees were all in blossom, and Papa said, "Listen! I think I hear a bell—ting-a-ling-ting!"

And little Ellen said, "I hear it, Papa, I hear a bell say ting-a-ling!"

And Peter said, "Oh, oh, here comes Baby Louise with a little silver bell on her neck!"

And the little white pony came trotting up all alone through the woods, with a little silver bell on her neck, and Ellen said, "Why, Papa, who brought Baby Louise down to the woods?"

PETER AND ELLEN

And Papa said, "Ask the little white pony, and she will tell you."

And Baby Louise trotted near and bowed her head up and down, which meant, "Oh, Ellen, I'm glad to see you."

And Ellen said, "Who brought you down to the beautiful woods, little darling?"

And Baby Louise turned and trotted away to the big oak-tree with the spreading limbs.

And Peter said, "Oh, there is Grandpa sitting under the big oak-tree!"

And little Ellen clapped her hands, and said, "Why, Grandpa, what are you doing here in the beautiful woods?"

And Grandpa laughed, and said, "I am the King of these beautiful woods, and I came down here to watch the thorn blos-

THE OAK-TREE PLAYHOUSE

soms blow and the violets grow, hi, oh!
hi, oh!”

And Ellen clapped her hands, and said,
“You dear, funny Grandpa, did you bring
Baby Louise down to the wood to watch
the thorn blossoms blow and the violets
grow, hi, oh?”

And Grandpa said, “Yes, I brought
the little white pony for the Prince and
the Princess to ride when they come to
live all day with the King of the beauti-
ful woods.”

And Peter said, “Oh, Grandpa, am I
the Prince, and is Ellen the Princess, and
are we going to live all day with you in
the beautiful woods?”

And Grandpa said, “Yes, if you are
the Prince and Princess who live in this
big oak-tree, you are the ones I speak of.”

And Peter and Ellen looked up into

PETER AND ELLEN

the oak-tree. Oh, what a grand playhouse they saw! There were boards nailed all around on the wide-spreading limbs for a floor, and there was a dear little table and two chairs.

And Ellen hugged Grandpa, and said, "Oh, you dear, *splendid* Grandpa, you made us this playhouse in the oak-tree!"

And Grandpa laughed, and said, "Yes, I'm a fine old fellow."

And precious Mamma clapped her hands, and said, "Isn't that a grand playhouse! I never had a playhouse up in a tree when I was a little girl."

And Papa said, "Didn't I tell you if you'd follow me I'd show you something worth seeing?"

And Mamma said, "Yes, indeed, you did, and this *is* a playhouse worth seeing!"

THE OAK-TREE PLAYHOUSE

And Grandpa said, "You must stay all day and play in the woods, little mother."

And precious Mamma said, "Oh, I should love to stay, but what will we do for our dinner?"

And Grandpa said, "This is the woods where the fairies live, and the fairies will bring our dinner."

And Peter whispered to Ellen, "Grandpa is only joking, there are no such things as fairies."

But, oh! just then, out from a thicket of blossoms, two dear little fairies came dancing, and each carried a little basket. And the fairies wore funny, funny bonnets made of green leaves. You could not see their faces.

And little Ellen whispered to Peter, "You said there *were* no fairies, and Grandpa was only joking!"

PETER AND ELLEN

And Peter whispered to Ellen, "Well, I never saw a fairy before, and I never believed in fairies."

And little Ellen whispered, "You believe there are fairies now, don't you, Peter?"

And Peter said, "Yes, I believe in them now!"

And the two little fairies came dancing along, but you could not see their sweet little faces. And the fairies gave one basket to Peter and Ellen, and one to precious Mamma; then away they danced through the woods.

And Peter and Ellen climbed the big oak-tree, and sat down in their wonderful playhouse to eat their dinner. And Mamma and Papa and Grandpa sat down under the oak-tree to eat their dinner.



AND THEY SAT DOWN IN THE WONDERFUL PLAYHOUSE WITH PETER AND ELLEN

THE OAK-TREE PLAYHOUSE

And Ellen said, "I wish those fairies would come again."

And Peter clapped his hands, and said, "Oh, I've guessed who the fairies were, little Ellen!"

And Ellen said, "Oh, Peter, they were truly fairies! I know they were!"

And Peter clapped his hands, and said, "No, I guess it was dear Arabella and Araminta dressed up to look like fairies."

And little Ellen was ready to cry. "I hoped they were *truly* fairies," she said. "I have never seen a fairy!"

And just then Arabella and Araminta came riding down through the woods on the white little pony; and, oh, oh! they *did* look like truly fairies!

Arabella had a wreath of violets on her dear, pretty head, and Araminta had a wreath of violets on her dear, pretty head.

PETER AND ELLEN

And Peter called, "Come up into the big oak-tree and eat lunch with us, Arabella and Araminta."

And Grandpa helped Arabella and Araminta up into the big oak-tree, and they sat down in the wonderful playhouse with Peter and Ellen.

And little Ellen said, "My Grandpa does plan the most *beautiful* times and surprises for us, and this is the best of all."

And Peter said, "Yes, I think this is the very best surprise that Grandpa ever thought to give us."

And they stayed all day in the beautiful woods, and Arabella and Araminta stayed too, and played with Peter and Ellen in the oak-tree playhouse.

THE END

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